

THE

N^o 3

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

Scots Pastoral Comedy.

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

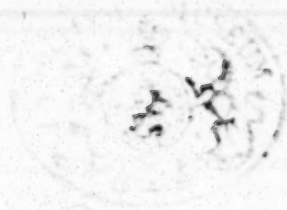
The GENTLE SHEPHERD sat beside a Spring,
All in the Shadow of a bushy Brier,
That COLIN hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of TITYRUS his Songs did here.

SPENSER, p. 1113.

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. MILLAR in the Strand.

MDCCLVIII.



RIGHT HONOURABLE

Susanna Countess of Eglington.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Chearfulness. But conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen and haughty Ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom among them to chuse some honourable Shade.

Wherefore I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection. If my *Patroness* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I shall have good Reason to think myself safe from the aukward Censure of some pretended Judges, that condemn before Examination.

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Countess of Eglington*, whose Penetration, superior Wit, and sound Judgment, shines with an uncommon Lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what is due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots, that have

dignified the Names of *KENNEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*. Be that the Care of the Herald and Historian. 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect. For whilst you are possess'd of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

All this is very true, cries a Sour-Plumb of better Sense than Good-nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?---Very true: but I have the Liberty to use the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To speak what every Body thinks*. Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life: But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain praise-worthy Pleasure in communicating to Posterity the Fame of distinguished Characters.----- I write this last Sentence, with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear; but if I should prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts shall vanish like a Morning Vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

*Your Ladyship's most obedient,
And most devoted Servant,*

Edinburgh, June
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE PERSONS

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gentle Shepherd,
in Love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young Shep-
herd, in love with Jenny.
Symon and Glaud, two
old Shepherds, Tenants
to Sir William.
Bauldy, a Hynd, engaged
with Neps.

W O M E N.

Peggy, thought to be
Glaud's Niece.
Jenny, Glaud's only
Daughter.
Mause, an old woman,
supposed to be a witch.
Elspa, Symon's wife.
Madge, Glaud's Sister.

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few*
Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

Beneath the South side of a craigy Biold,
Where Chrystal Springs the halefom Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks, ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow Echo's ring ;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.

B

PATIE

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The Wawking of the Faulds.*

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
*Just enter'd in her Teens,
 Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the Day, and always gay.*

*My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to mett her at
 The Wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my Care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my Spirits glow
 At Wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper Love,
 That I look down on a' the Town,
 That I look down upon a Crown.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naithing gi'es me sic Delight,
 As Wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my Pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 Witb Innocence, the Wale of Sense,
 At Wawking of the Fauld.*

THIS

THIS funny Morning, *Roger*, cheers my Blood,
 And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
 How hartfom is't to see the rising Plants,
 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants?
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler Air,
 And a' the Sweets it bears when void of Care.
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gars thee grane?
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate!
 I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
 Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
 But I, opprest with never ending Grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Patie. The Bees shall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive.
 The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' Queans, or Loss of warly Gear,
 Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy doen
 By ane, whase Saul is sadly out of Tune,
 You have sae saft a Voice, and slid a Tongue.
 You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.
 If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,
 They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek.
 And jeer me hameward frae the Lone or Bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.
 For ilka Sheep ye have I'll number ten.
 And thould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart.
 And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part
 If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
 A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Roger. My Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were
 smoor'd,
 Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Ills endur'd:
 In Winter last my Cares were very sma',
 Tho' Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie. Were your bien Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less you wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep :
 The O'ercome only fathes Fowk to keep.

Roger. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross ;
 That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss :
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drowth to quench :
 'Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool !
 And own that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

Patie. Sax good fat Lambs, I sauld them ilka Clute
 At the *West-Port*, and bought a winsome Flute;
 Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round ;
 A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound :
 I'll be mair canty wi't. and ne'er cry Dool !
 Than you with all your Cath, ye dowie Fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na ! I'm nae sic churlish Beast,
 Some other Thing lies heavier at my Breast :
 I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night.
 That gars my Fleth a' creep yet with the Fright.

Patie. Now, to a Friend how silly's this Pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens.
 Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride :
 Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, you have guess'd o'er true,
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a'quint ;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate :
 But yesterday I met her yont a Know,
 She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.
 She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
 He sighs for *Neps* ;---sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na loo her--but in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.

My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
 Till he yow'd fair she strack the poor dumb Tyke;
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad have shewn mair Kindness to my Beast.
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
 With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
 Last night I play'd---(ye never heard sic Spite)
 O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte:
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin spear'd,
 Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie, E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck?
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit Chuck.

Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Roger. I needna mak sic Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a will.

Patie. Daft Gowk! leave aff that silly whinging Way;
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.

Hear how I served my Lads I love as weel
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.

Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dyke I leaned, glowring about,
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:

For yet the Sun was wading thro' the Mist,
 And she was close upon me ere she wist.

Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whiter were than Snaw,
 Her Cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her Haffet-Locks hang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheeks sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie Pear.

Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Waitcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.

Blythsome I cry'd, My bony *Meg*, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer:

But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather Dew—
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?

6 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Then fare ye weel. *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a Crack,
 She came with a right thieveleſs Errand back;
 Miſcaw'd me firſt—then bad me hound my Dog,
 To wear up three waff Ews ſtray'd on the Bog,
 I leugh; and ſae did ſhe; then with great Haſte
 I claipt my Arms about her Neck and Waift;
 About her yielding Waift, and took a Fouth
 Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowing Mouth.
 While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
 My very Saul cam lowping to my Lips.
 Sair, ſair ſhe ſet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack;
 But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.

Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
 Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your Thumb.
 Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood:
 Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strac.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer Kindneſs with a Slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
 For Women in a Man delight:
 But them deſpiſe who're ſoon deſate,
 And with a ſimple Face give way
 To a Repulſe; then be not blate.
 Puſh bauldly on and win the Day.*

*When Maidens, innocently young,
 Say aſten what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue,
 But tent the Language of their Een;
 If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
 To answer all your Love with Hate,
 Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
 And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger, Kind *Patie*, now fair fa your honeſt Heart,
 Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an Art
 To hearten ane: For now, as cleans a Leek,
 Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.

Sae, for your Pains, I'll mak ye a Propine,
 (My Mother, rest her Saul ! she made it fine)
 A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawsflock Woo,
 Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders blew :
 With Spraings like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with Black ;
 I never had it yet upon my Back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, who have sae kind
 Red up my revel'd Doubts, and cleared my Mind.

Patie. Weel, hald ye there-and since ye've frankly made
 To me a Present of your braw new Plaid,
 My Flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
 But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't,
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bony Spring ;
 For I'm in Tift to hear you play and sing

Patie. But first we'll tak a Turn up to the Height,
 And see gif all our Flock be feeding right :
 Be that Time Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese
 Will mak a Breakfast that a Laird might please ;
 Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise
 To season Meat with Health, instead of Spice.
 When we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell. [Exeunt,

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie Howm between two verdant Braes,
 Where Lassies use to wash and spread their Claiths,
 A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
 Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth, and round.
 Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear ;
 First please your Eye, than gratifie your Ear ;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. **C**ome, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
 The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean ;
 The

8 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Simmer grow:
Between twa Birks out-o'er a little Lin
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din:
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glass,
Kisses with eafy Whirls the bordering Grass,
We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash our fells—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a Day.

Jenny. Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa Herds come brattling down the Brae,
And see us fae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lassies, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height.
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Diddain?
— Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A *Herd* mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaimes his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribbon-knots at his blue Bonnet Lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.
He fals his Owrelay down his Breast with Care,
And few gang trigger to the Kirk or Fair;
For a'that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny Day.*

Peggy. Ye dath the Lad with constant slighting Pride,
Hatred for Love is unko fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawted Wean, that tarrows at its Meat,
That for some feckless Whim will orp and greet:

The

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

9

The lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.

Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your Time.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The Dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld:*

*The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrors at its Meat,
Ana's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jenny. I never thought a single Life a Crime.

Peggy. Nor I—but Love in Whispers lets us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Jenny. If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himsel,
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're Fools that Slav'ry like, and may be free;
The Chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a Mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jenny. Heh, Lafs! how can ye loo that Rattle-Skull?
A very Deel, that ay maun hae his Will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan Life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head.

There

There he may kifs as lang as Kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his Will: Why no; 'Tis good my Part
 To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen Days
 Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane;
 But soon as his Newfangledness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his Freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
 Ae Day be dumb, and a'the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his Barlichoods ne'er stic
 To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust to Smiling:
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder Luck betide you.*

*Lasses, when their Fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to
 My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
 But want of him I dred nae other Skaith.
 There's nane of a' the Herds, that tread the Green,
 Has sic a Smile or sic twa glancing Een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
 His Words they thirle like Musick throw my Heart.
 How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at little Fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
 He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
 The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.

His

His better Sense wiH lang his love secure :
 Ill-Nature hefts in Sauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I hae,
 That has better Sense than ony of thae
 Sour, weak, silly Fellows, that study, like Fools,
 To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.*

*The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
 Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife ;
 He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Jenny. Hey, Bony Lads of Branksome, or't be lang
 Your witty Pate will put you in a Sang.
 O it's a pleasant thing to be a Bride ;
 Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din :
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae Wean fa's sick, and scads it fell wi' Broe,
 Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe.
 The Deel gaes o'er John Wabster : Hame grows Hell ;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsom thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little Complaints, and keep them tight.
 Wow, Jenny ! can there greater Pleasure be
 Than see sic wee Torts toolying at your Knee ;
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest Wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a Kifs ?
 Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
 The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight ?

Jenny. But Poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Begg'ry draw,
 There little Love or canty Chear can come
 Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom :
 Your Nowt may die—the Spate may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay—
 The thick-blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows,
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.

A Dyvor buys your Butter, Woo and Cheefe,
 But or the Day of Payment breaks and flees,
 With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent :
 'Tis no to gie ; your Merchant's to the Bent.
 His Honour manna want, he poinds your Gear :
 Syne, driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear *Meg* be wise, and lead a single Life :
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married Wife.

Peggy. May sic ill Luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic Fears, for that was never me.
 Let Fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd : Let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say.
 That Lads should a' for Wives that's vertuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty Man could never get
 A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Weath to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the Vogue at Market, Tron, or Fair,
 For halefom, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware.
 A Flock o' Lambs, Cheefe, Butter, and some Woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the Laird his Due.
 Syne a'behind's our ain ;—thus, without Fear,
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer ;
 And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,
 He'll blest the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jenny. But what if some young Giglit on the Green,
 With dimpled Cheeks, and twa betwitching Een,
 Shou'd gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*.
 And her kend Kisses, hardly worth a Feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear *Jenny*, to be free ;
 There's some Men constanter in Love than we :
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
 They'll reason caumly, and with Kindness smile,
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile :
 Sae, whenfoe'er they slight their Maiks at hame,
 'Tis Ten to Ane their Wives are maist to blame.

Then

Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.
 At Ev'n, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
 I'll have a'things made ready to his Will.
 In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane :
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
 The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good-Humour and white Bigonets shall be
 Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jenny. A Dish of marry'd Love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 'The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
 Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,
 Than aught in Love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side ;
 Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride :
 Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest.
 Till wide their spreading Branches are increas'd,
 And in their Mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
 That in return defends it frae the West.
 Sic as stand single (a State fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
 With the Assistance of a little Fae,
 Lies dern'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nan'sy's to the Green-Wood gane.*

*I yield, dear Lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
 Frae Love proceeds Complying ;
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst Love, nae Thinker beads us,
 They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,
 That by the Heartstrings leads us.*

14 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Peggy. Alake! poor Pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's*, or poor *Roger's* Man.

Jenny. Anither Time's as good— for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith;—if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this seems true, nae Lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug Thack House, before the Door a Green;
Pens on the Middling, Ducks in Dubs are seen:
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byer:
A Peet-stack joins and forms a rural Square.
The House is Glau'd's;—there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-Seat invite his Frien.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD-MORROW, Nibour *Symon*,— come
fit down,
And gie's your Cracks—What's a' the News-in Town?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And fald your *Crummock*, and her bafsiend Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pund of Cut and dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my Heart;—and tent me now, auld Boy.
I've gather'd News, will kittle your Mind with Joy,
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,
And skulk in Hiddings on the Hether Braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!--Ah *Symmie*! ratling Chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like Will-fire far and near:
But loose your Poke be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Majer* been,

Our

Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair Estate to save his Head,
 Because, ye ken fou well, he bravely chose
 To shine, or set in Glory with *Montrose*.
 Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,
 Has plaid the *Rumple* a right flee Begunk;
 Rester'd King *Charles*, and ilka Thing's in Tune;
 And *Habby* says, we'll see Sir *William* soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw,
 Tell o'er your News again! and swear til't a'.
 And saw ye *Hab*! and what did *Halbert* say?
 They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
 Now God be thanked that our Laird's come hame,
 And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Simon. They that Hag-rid us till our Guts did grane,
 Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir *William* sall enjoy his ane. }

SANG VII. *Tune, Cald Kale in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the Rebels Cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a Woody.
 Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
 And ever high his Station,
 That bravely stands in the Defence
 Of Conscience, King, and Nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
 Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or thor'd to raise
 Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* Claiiths.

Simon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy Air,
 Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
 "Put on your Bonnet, *Simon*—tak a Seat—
 "How's a' at Hame?—How's *Elspa*?—How does *Kate*?—
 "How fells black Cattle?—What gies Woo this Year?—
 And sic like kindly Questions wad he speare.

SANG VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's Byer.*

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,*

*Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour
To rise aboon Poverty :
Else, like the Pack-horse that's unfather'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
As gar'd me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear Nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day.
We'll send for *Elspith* too--and upo' Sight,
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean,
Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna baulk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For here-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat ;
A Furlet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large Ham hangs reesting in the Nook.
I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot, that scads the Whey, put on,
A Mutton Bouk to boil ;—and ane we'll roast,
And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost.
Small are they shorn ; and she can mix fou nice
The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
Fat are the Puddings,—Heads and Feet well sung ;
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
Bring wi'ye all your Family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r sell, Auld Birky, never fear
But at your Banquet I shall first appear :

Faith,

Faith, we shall bend the Bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I!-- Troth, I'm younger be a score,
With this good News, than what I was before.
I'll dance or Een! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The Man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here:

What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?
Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin? Snuff!--Gae break your Wheel, and burn your Tow;

And set the mickleft Peet-stack in a Low:
Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth News indeed--And wha wad tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that you?--gae get my Sunday's Coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands,
My Whyt-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;
Then frae their Washing cry the Bairns in Haste,
And mak ye'rselfs as trig, Head, Feet, and Waist,
As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest *Madge*,--and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gair,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open Field--a Cottage in a Glen,
An auld Wif. spinning at the sunny End.--
At a sma' Distance, by a blasted Tree,
With falded Arms, and haff-rai'd Look ye see.*

B A U L D Y *his lane.*

Bauldy. **W**H A T's this!--I canna bear't! Tis war
than Hell,

To be sae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!

O *Peggy*, sweeter than the dawning Day,

Sweeter than gowany Glens or new-mawn Hay:

Blyther than Lambs that frisk out-o'er the Knows,

Straighter than aught that on the Forest grows:

Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
 The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
 Will be my Deid, that will be shortly seen!
 For *Pate* loes her—waes me! and she loes *Pate*;
 And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
 Made a daft Vow!—O! but ane be a Beast,
 That makes rash Aiths, till he's afore the Priest.
 I darna speak my Mind, else a' the three,
 But Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy,
 'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
 To brak with ane, and win the other's Heart.
 Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price
 Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
 She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
 At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;
 Rins withershins about the Humlock Low;
 And seven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
 Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Tails and Snakes.
 Of this unsonsy Pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
 With flaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
 Stuck fou of Prines; the dev'lish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou well,
 When ane like me comes rinnin' to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,
 To speak my Errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I shoud' never thrive;
 They gallop fast, that Deels and Lassies drive. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*A green Kail-Yard, a little Fount,
 Where Water poplin springs,
 There sits a Wife with wrinkled Front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

S A N G

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle, an the King come.*

MAUSE. **P**EGGY, *now the King's come,*
 Peggy, *now the King's come,*
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come :
Nae mair the Hawkys shalt thou milk,
But change thy Plaiding-Coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY

Bauldy. How does auld honest Lucky of the Glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and rash at Threescore Ten.

Maufe. E'en twining out a Thread with little Din,
 And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.

What brings my Bairn this Gait fae air at Morn ?
 Is there nae Muck to lead,—to thresh, nae Corn ?

Bauldy. Enough of baith—But something that requires
 Your helping Hand, employs now all my Cares.

Maufe. My helping Hand, alake ! what can I do,
 That underneith beith Eild and Poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
 Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

Maufe. Of what kind Wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
 That lifts my Character aboon the rest ?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in Herbs and Seasons of the Moon,
 By skilfu' Charms it's kend what ye have done.

Maufe. What Fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear ;
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
 That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.

When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn,

When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn,

When *Bravny* Elf-shot never mair came hame ;

When *Tibby* kirn'd and there nae Butter came ;

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked Wean

To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane ;

When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw,

And tint himself amaisht amang the Snaw ;

When

When *Mungo's* Mear stood still, and swat with Fright,
 When he brought East the *Howdy* under Night.
 When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green,
 And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;
 You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
 And sae they may that mean to do ye Skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
 But when I neist make Grots. I'll strive to please
 You with a Furler of them mixt with Pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, Lad—now tell me your Demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Bauldy. Then—I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Pate*;—and *Patie's* bauld and flee,
 And looes sweet *Meg*—But *Neps* I downa see—
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest Man.

Maufe. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
 Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night;
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,
 Worth all your Pease and Grots: take ye nae Care.

Bauldy. Well, *Maufe*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
 But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the Wind;
 Syne Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the Night sae mirk, I'll tine the Gait.
 We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a Feast,
 O will ye come like *Badrans* for a Jest;
 And there ye can our different Haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

Bauldy. If I aught of your Secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Maufe. [*bir-lane*] This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a Witch in compact with *Auld Nick*,
 Because by Education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
 Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear,
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the Royal *Charles*, and Right's restor'd,
 A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.

The *bonny Foundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,
 Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd,
 Her Infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend
 Bow'd to th'*Usurper*, and her Death design'd;
 To establish him and his in all these Plains
 That by right Heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms,
 Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.
 Nane kens't but me;—and if the Morn were come,
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them all sing dumb.

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*Behind a Tree, upon the Plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In Love without a vicious Stain,
 The bonny Lass and chearfu' Swain
 Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. **O** PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And *Roger* hes away with *Jenny* gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where Primroses thickest paint the Green,
 Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
 How fast the Westlin Winds fough through the Reeds.

Peggy. The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy Breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
 Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
 As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
 Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,
 Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flow'rs appear.
 Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
 That warble through the Merle or Mavis' Throtes.

With

With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kils of thee.

Peggy. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna stay,—ye Joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

Patie. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap.
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;
The Gaits to clim—the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your Aith--But mony Lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in Half a Year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I loo'd you mony a Year.
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand
Aft to the Tansy-Know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side—I took Delight
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bught at Ev'n I met with thee.

S A N G X.

Tune, Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin:

PEGGY.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the Green-Hill,
And I at Ew-milking first seyd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowle no Pain was to me,
When I at the Boughting forgather'd with thee.*

PATIE.

*When Corn-riggs awa'd yellow, and blew Hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,
Nae Birns, Brier, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleasure too me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowdon Broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bels gars our Lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better Skill,
The Boatman Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can Lasses trow what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly increas'es Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether-Bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.*

*Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:
At a' these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

Patie.

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the Broom of Cowdon-Knows,
And Rosie lirts the Milking of the Ews;
There' nane, like Nansie, Jenny Nettles sings:
At Turns in Maggy Laruder, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter Skill
The Boatman, or the Lafs of Patie's Mill;
It is a Thousand Times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can Lassies trow what we desire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blaws up that Fire:
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try;
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit Gawky like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly,—senseless Tales believe,
Be blyth for silly Hechts, for Trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er could win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;—but harken, yon'sauld Aunty's Cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly,—now a kindly Kifs,
Or Fivescore good anes wad not be amifs:
And syne we'll sing the Song with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your Hire—

Patie.—Well I agree.

SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [*sings.*]

*By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And roving Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that, as well as I,
Ye're made for Love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY.

PEGGY [sings.]

*But ken ye, Lad, gif we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE [sings.]

*But gin they bing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Half-year.*

PEGGY [sings, falling into Patie's Arms.]

*Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the Grace,*

PATIE [with his left Hand about her Waist.]

*O charming Armsfu', hence, ye Cares, away;
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day,
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both

*Swu, gallop down the westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal-Day;
And, if you're weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.*

[Let down the Curtain, and let them kiss.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE:

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleek'd with Time;
An Elwan fills his Hand, his Habit mean,
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But whisht, it is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad,
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu' Groves.*

D

Sir

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
 I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eyes
 With a full View of ev'ry fertile Plain,
 Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
 Without a Roof, the Gates faln from their Bands ;
 The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,
 The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
 My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls !
 That with each rainy Blast decaying falls :
 My Gardens once adorn'd the most compleat
 With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet ;
 Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks
 The dewy Flow'rs hung nodding on their Stalks :
 But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
 No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglantines* appear.
 How fail'd and broke's the rising ample Shade,
 Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* Trees their Branches spread,
 Basking in Rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to View, delightful in the Use ;
 All round in Gaps, the Walls in Ruin lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my Joy
 Forbids all Grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his Mother fair :
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Simon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 Till we shou'd see what changing Times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his fleecy Charge, serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life ! that's from Ambition free,
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully

A calm

A calm, contented Mortal, spends his Time
In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime.

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleeting Flocks.*

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like Courty Weathercocks.*

*Life happy from Ambition free,
Erwy and vile Hypocrisie,
When Truth and Love with Joy agree,
Unfully'd with a Crime:*

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping up their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,
And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day.
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's House, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
Or costly to be found.

Yet all is clean: A clear Peat Ingle
Glances amidst the Floor;

The Green Horn Spoons, Beech Luggies mingle
On Skelfs foregainst the Door.

While the young Brood sport on the Green
The auld anes think it best

With the brown Cow to clear their Ecn,
Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. **W**E anes were young our fells—I like to see
The Bairns bob round with other merry lie.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie* grows a strapan Lad,
And better Looks than his I never bade.
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa',
And tel s his Tale the clev'rest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor Man!—he's a great Comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith,
He is a fair'n, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane,
And troth, my Niece is a right dainty Wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell.
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my sell.

Glaud. What Reason can ye have? there's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of Breeding Ews of my ane Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fill a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs, at spaining Time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this Day Eight Days likely he shall learn,
That our Denial dinna slight his Bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come gi's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their Healths gae round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*,—by some 'tis said,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid.

Down

Down at your Hallon Side, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry *Hay*.

Glaud. That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen :

He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look :
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard.

His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say ;
Nane shall gang hungry by my House to Day.

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling Fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Glaud. Spae-men ! the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout. *[Returns Jenny.]*

bringing Sir William : with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest Carle—here, take a Seat.

Sir Will. I give you Thanks, Goodman, Ise no be blate.

Glaud. *[drinks]* Come, t'ye, Friend.—How far cam
ye the Day ?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, Nibour—e'en but little Way :
Rousted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate seems lang,
Twa Miles or Three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' Night with me,
And take sic Bed and Board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind, unsought : well, gin ye have a Bairn
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. *[pointing to Patie]* Only that Lad—alack ! I
have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand—what gars
ye sneer ?

Patie. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the Point—But, Billy, byde,
I'll wager there's a Mouse-Mark on your Side.

Elfa. Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the Deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

Elfa. A Laird! Hear ye, Goodman? what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken! Strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth,
Come, turn the Timmer to Laird *Patie's* Health.

[*Patie's Health* gaes round.

Patie. A Laird of twa good Whistles, and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate—and like to be;
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, *Patie*, let the Man look owre your Hand,
Aft-times as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand,*
then counterfeits falling into a Trance,
while they endeavour to lay him right.]

Elfa. Preserve's—the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good, or Second-Sight at least.
Where is he now?—

Glaud. —He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elfa. These second-sighted Fowks, his Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Things to come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb—wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better,—*Elfa*, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a Tafs of *Ufquebae*.

Sir Will. [*Starts up and speaks.*]

“ A Knight that for a LION fought
“ Against a Herd of Bears,
“ Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
“ In which some Thousands shares:

“ But

- " But now again the LION rares,
 " And Joy spreads o'er the Plain;
 " The LION has defeat the Bears,
 " The *Knight* returns again.
 " The *Knight* in a few Days shall bring
 " A Shepherd frae the Fauld;
 " And shall present him to the King,
 " A Subject true and bauld..
 " He Master *Patrick* shall be call'd—
 " All you that hear me now,
 " May well believe what I have tald,
 " For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your Spaeing happen soon and weel;
 But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
 To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep :
 Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard,
 Nor come I to redd for Fortunes for Reward:
 But I'll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,
 That all I prophesy will soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying Fowks are odd kind Men!
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
 The wimpled Meaning of your unco Tale,
 Whilk soon will make a Noise o'er Moor and Dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
 And taks't for Gospel what the Spae-Man gives
 Of flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
 But what we wish we trow at ony Rate.

Sir Will. Whisht! doubtfu' Carl, for ere the Sun
 Has driven twice down to the Sea,
 What I have said, ye shall see done
 In Part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. We'll, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair,
 But I 'ave twa sonsy Lassies young and fair,
 Plump, ripe for men: I with ye cou'd forsee
 Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair through Secrets can I sift,
 Till Darknes's black the Bent,
 I have but anes a Day that Gift;
 Sae rest a while content.

Symon.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,
And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd Tower to fetch a Walk,
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your Desire—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your Pipe beside the Fire;
We'll but gae round the Place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a Space, and see the young anes play,
My Heart's still light, albeit my Locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an Errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting Flame,
And throw his Lassie's Breast.*

*Behind a Bush, well hid frae Sight, they meet:
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
Am yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' let.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak?
And I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your Scorn.

Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Ev'n and Morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye Nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,

For

For fear some tighter Lad mair rich than I,
Has win your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my Father, Cusin *Meg* I love;
But, to this Day, nae Man my Heart could move.
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear *Jenny*?—say na that again;
What Pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my Pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon forget:
Wow! but we're bony, good, and ev'ry thing!
How sweet we breath; whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
Than we our Daffin, and tint Pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest Drudge at Hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for sake of Gear
Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:
Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind.
Of diff'rent Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true downright Love, engages me
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd Words frae Wooers Lips can fa'!
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the Morning rise,
And soon the fleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies:
I've seen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy Puddles disappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoyce, the Bride may smile;
But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the Morning rife with fairest Light,
The Day unclouded sink in calmest Night.
I've seen the Spring rin wimpling throw the Plain,
Increase, and join the Ocean, without Stain.
The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile;
Rejoyce throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-Wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy Maid, beset with Love,
 Few Words will quickly gain;
 For I must own now since you're free,
 This too-fond Heart of mine
 Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
 Upon thy Breast recline!
 The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
 Is Jenny then sat kind?—
 O let me bris thee to my Heart!
 And round my Arms entwine:
 Delitful Thought, we'll never part!
 Come, press thy Mouth to mine.*

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd Love maintain,
 The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:
 For, I mawn own since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
 And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head!—
 This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Deid.
 Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
 With wond'ring Love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Sun and Starns away,
 And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
 O *Jenny!* let my Arms about thee twine,
 And bris thy bonny Breasts and Lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

Jenny. With equal Joy my safer Heart does yield,
 To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Field.
 Now by these warmest Kisses thou has tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

Roger,

Roger. I swear by Fifty Thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Jenny. Well, I agree—neist to my Parent gae,
Get his Consent, —he'll hardly say ye Nae.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well;
Auld Fowks like them that want na Milk and Meal.

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my Father gae:
Make him content to give Consent,
He'll hardly say you Nae:
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.*

*Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high Degree:
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.*

Roger. My Faulds contain twice fifteen forrow Nowt,
As many Newcal in my Byers rowt:
Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lammass* sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
Good Twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.
Ilk Thing, that makes a hartsome House and tight,
Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me all, which now gies Joy to me,
Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee.
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* thou'd the samen skair.
My Love and all is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny.

36 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Jenny. I'll do my best ;—but see wha gangs this Way,
Patie and *Meg*—besides I maunna stay ;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the Morn ;
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

Roger. To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin Pool,
 I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool ;
 Keep Tryst and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kiss and tell our Loves ; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sim
 Within a Gallery of the Place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baron shown his Face :
 But joking with the Shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the Gate he kens fu' well.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. **T**O whom belongs this House, so much
 decay'd ?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous Aid
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
 Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
 Wha fills us all with Joy, now *He's come hame,*

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William draps his masking beard ;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome Knight, with fond Regard,
 And grasps him round the Knees.*

My Master ! my dear Master !—do I breath !
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith !
 Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenants Sight !
 To bless his Son, my Charge, the World's Delight.

Sir Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
 A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy :
 I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise ;

Since

Since still the Secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd

Symon The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock—neist my ain Judgment fand
Out Reasons plenty—since without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends—which gi'es their Sauls a Cast,
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true,
For there's Laird *Kytie's* Son, that's loo'd by few.
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:
He gangs about fornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace,
Oppressing a', as Punishment o' their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ane Fam'ly as to give him Trust.

Sir Will. Such usefess Branches of a Common-Wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son;
A Parent's Fondness eas'ly finds Excuse,
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his Praise, the longest Simmer Day
Wad be owre thort—cou'd I them right display.
In Word and Deed he can fae well behave,
That out o' Sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best,
And his Decree stands good—he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand.
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir Will. Your Tale much pleaseth—my good Friend,
proceed:
What Learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the School enough of Lair;

And he delyts in Books—he reads and speaks,
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin Words and Greeks.*

Sir Will. Where gets he Books to read, and of what Kind?
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheep t' *Edenburgh Port*,
He buys some Books of Hist'ry, Sangs or Sport:
Nor does he want o' them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the Hill.

About ane *Shak/pear* and a famous *Ben*.

He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.

How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing,

And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,

He kens fu' well, and gars the Verses ring.

I sometimes thought, that he made owre great Fraze
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.

When I reprov'd him anes—a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my Ear,
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:

Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
Above a Lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a book?

When we a Leaf or twa haf read, haf spell.

'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our sell.

Sir Will. Well jested, *Symon*,—but one Question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age, when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts, like cooing Doves;

Has nae young Lassie, with inviting Mien

And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,

Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthfu' Heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part;

Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet

(With *Glaud's* fair Niece) than I thought right or meet.

I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,

'Since, like your sell, your Son will soon appear.

A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,

May blest the fairest, best-born Lady's Arms.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Go,

Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but yoursell shall our first Meeting see.
 Yonder's my Horse and Servant nigh at Hand,
 They come just at the Time I gave Command :
 Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress ;
 Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit Symon*,

Sir William solus.

Whene'er th'Event of Hope's Success appears,
 One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.
 A Thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Cares evanish like a Morning Dream ;
 When wish'd-for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.
 These Joys I feel, that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late Distress.

But from his rustick Business and Love,
 I must, in haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve. }

Like the rough Di'mond, as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shews its Light,

Till artful Polishing has made it shine :

Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune*, Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.

*Now from Rusticity, and Love,
 Whose Flames but over-lowly burn,
 My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
 His Soul must take another Turn :*

*As the rough Di'mond, from the Mine,
 In Breakings only shews its Light,
 Till Polishing has made it shine :
 Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onjet,—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe. OUR Laird come hame, and owns young
Pate his Heir!

That's News indeed!

Madge. —As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,
Sir William, like a Warlock, with a Beard
Five Nives in Lenth, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd mickle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirl'd forth a Book,
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

Madge. As fast as Fleas skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk flee *Tod Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days slides backward in a Pool:
In short, he did for *Pate* braw Things foretel,
Without the help of Conjuring or Spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Simon* knew
His welcome Master;—round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythneis grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy Lad is he!

Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.

Ye'll heat out a' the secret Story soon;
And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no, fae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.

Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Maufe. It may be fae; wha kens, and may be no.

To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:
Even Kings have tane a Queen out of the Plain,
And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root bot Tocher-good,
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of Gentle Blood!
Sic Fashions in King BRUCE's Days might be;
But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Pate forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and vow! but he looks fain,
Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy's* now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin Doof! it sets him weel
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil!
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see—

Maufe. Y'd be as dorty in your Choice as he;
And so wad I: But whisht! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy [singing.]

*Jocky said to Jenny: Jenny, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a Fit, quoth Jenny, for my Tocher-good;
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.*

Madge. Weel liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty Sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[sings again.]

*I hae Gowd and Gear, I hae Land enough,
I hae seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh;
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linkan o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Byer,
A Peatstack fore the Door, we'll mak a rantin Fire;
I'll mak a rantin Fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass myself;
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free:
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae,—Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their Snaw-ba's cast.

Maufe. Well, *Bauldy*, how gaes a'?—

Bauldy.—Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this Night.

Madge. And wha's th'unlucky ane? if we may ask.

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult Task.

Poor bonny *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* Heir.

Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,
While *Meg's* in Dumps, put in a Word for me,
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* cou'd prove;

Less wilfu', and ay constant in my Love.

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn,
Fy, *Bauldy*, blush, and Vows of Love regard;

What other Lads will trow a mansworn Herd?
The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my Niece so gray a Gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' well I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a Gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld Roudes,—and in faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand? ye sheveling-gabit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And ten sharp Nails, that, when my Hands are in,
Can flyp the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out-o'er your Chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're Witness too he ca'd me bony Names,
And thou'd be served as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog! ————— [Flees to his Hair like a

Fury—A stout Battle—Mause endeavours to redd them.]

Mause. Let gang your Grips, fy, *Madge*! howt, *Bauldy*,
leen.

I wadna with this Tuilzie had been seen,
'Tis sae daft-like—

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleeding Nose.*]

Madge. ——— 'Tis daster-like to thole
An Ether-cap like him, to blaw the Coal.
It sets him well with vile unscrapit Tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young.

They're

They're aulder yet than I have marry'd been,
And, or they died, their Bairns Bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name. }

Bauld. My Lugs, my Nose, and Noddle find the same. }

Madge. Auld Roudes! filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest

Bauldy:

Come, come, shake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the Lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, *Mause*, I hae at *Madge* nae Spite;
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow and lowp back—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiath tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

Bauldy [running off.] His Prefence be about us! Curst
were he,

That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[Exit. *Bauldy*.]

Madge [laughing] I think I hae towzled his Harigalds
a-wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me.

He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve

A Lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye town'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport:
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And Breeding baith, to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wadna stand
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

Madge. A *Witch*!—how had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like mine
Obliges Folk's Resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lack of Pith supplie;

Thus

44 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Thus I put aff Revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his Tryst; and I came here
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may fear.

Madge. And special Sport we'll hae, as I protest:
Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghaist.
A Linnen Sheet wound round me like ane dead.
I'll cawk my Face, and grane and shake my Head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on Night,
The westlin Cloud shines with a setting Light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

PROLOGUE.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the Green-swaired grows damp with falling Dew,
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks throw the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak Farewel.*

Roger. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my Heart lowps
light!

O Maister *Patrick*, ay your Thoughts were right:
Sure Gentle-fowk are farther seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of Pedigree.

My *Jenny* now, wha brak my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spak my Mind, she heard, I spak again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this Day
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a Father, gently kind as brave,
And an Estate that lifts me boon the lave.

With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confess,
He all the Father to my Soul express.

While close he held me to his manly Breast,
Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing o' my Youth!

Wha set too soon! And while he Praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.

My

My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late-kend Sire I view'd,
 While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
 Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
 Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found
 The happy Son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard,—too faithful *Symon's* Fear
 Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
 Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my Peace,
 While thus to beat my Heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand:
 But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten Reason plead his Cause:
 But Love rebels against all bounding Laws;
 Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new Happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune*, Kirk wad let me be.

Duty and Part of Reason

*Plead strong on the Parent's Side,
 Which Love superior calls Treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:*

*For now tho' I'm ane of the Gentry,
 My Constancy Falshood repels;
 For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith,—Sir *William* will be won:
 Your *Peggy's* bonny,—you're his only Son.

Patie. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
 And frae these Bands nae Fate my Mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' Life I will be true,
 But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Roger. Is not our Master and yoursell to stay
 Amang us here,—or are ye gawn away
 To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,
 To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

Patie. To *Edinburgh* straight to morrow we advance,
 To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,
 Where I must stay some Years, and learn—to dance,
 And

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And twa three other Monky-tricks:—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel:
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

Roger. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The Owdrecome only fashes Fowk to keep.*—

Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale hame.

Patie. What was my Morning Thought, at Night's
the same: }

The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
Content's the greatest Blis we can procure
Frae boon the Lift.—Without it Kings are poor.

Roger. But an Estate like yours yields braw Content,
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent:
Fine Claiths, saft Beds, sweet Houses, sparkling Wine,
Rich Fare, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submissive Servants, Honour, Wealth, and Ease,
Wha's no content with these is ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hov'ring o'er their Blis:
The Passions rule the Roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the fat devour:
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang, like the sharpest Goads, in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts, and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequen'est with Fowk o'erlaid with Ease,
While o'er the Moor the Shepherd, with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and hale some Air.

Roger. Lord, Man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat you a' that Sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill,
These best can teach what's real good and ill:
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheese,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please

Roger.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
Faith I've hae Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ky:
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his Will maun be obey'd,
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:
But I some Time this last Design maun hide.
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my Dear.

Roger. And proud of being your Secretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the Deels defy. [*Exit Roger,*

Patie [*solus*] With what a Struggle must I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment—Heav'n support my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care:
Her Eyes are red— [*Enter Peggy.*

——— My *Peggy*, why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears;
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.
Peggy. I dare not think sae high—I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten Pain see frae the Coast
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand
Far frae his Wilhes to some distant Land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own:
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.
I Falshood hate: Come, kiss thy Cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir *William's* gen'rous; leave the Task to me
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

Peggy. Speak on—speak ever thus, and still my Grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;

Then

Then I! poor me!—with Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate*.
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envi'd by the tattling Gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play,
 And rin haff breathless round the Rucks of Hay,
 As aft-times I hae fled from thee right sain,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
 But hear my Vow—'twill help to give me Ease:
 May sudden Death, or deadly fair Disease,
 And warst of Ills, attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

S A N G XVII.

Tune, Wae's my Heart that we shou'd sunder.

*Speak on, speak thus, and still my Grief;
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler Face and Silk Attire.*

*A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.*

*No more the Shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented Rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll loose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent Duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly Beauty?*

*Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho thou should prove a wand'ring Lover,
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure Heav'n approves—and be assured of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;
Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face.
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
The fair Foundation of our faithfu' Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.

Peggy. I greet for Joy, to hear my Love sae kind;
When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,
Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
My Heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me:
With Patience then I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Dream thro' that Night, 'till my Day-star appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler Charms
To make me fitter for my Trav'ler's Arms:
I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*—he's far frae Fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,
Where I may Manners learn—

S A N G XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-Side.*

Peggy. *When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
My Heart it was going to break;
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake,
Where-e'er my Love travels by Day,
Where-ever he lodges by Night,
With me his dear Image shall stay,
And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 So lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

*For Beauty, that's only Skin deep,
 Must fade like the Gowans of May,
 But, inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

Patie. — — That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that Way shall be well paid.
 Tho', without a' the little Helps of Art,
 Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart,
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
 Affect oft-times to like the Thing we hate,
 And drap Serenity, to keep up State:
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the Fashion, when we're blith, seem wae:
 Pay Compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them, when their Backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With Gentry's Apes; for still, amang the best,
 Good-Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,
 When native Virtues join the Arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Expencc,
 My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense,
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous Sea
 Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?

Sir *William's* cruel that wad force his Son,
For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but Trav'ling does improve,
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy Sake, my Love :
But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

Peggy. At setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll wist oft the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-Shaw or Fountain ;
Or where the Summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.

With every setting Day, and rising Morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe Return.
Under that Tree, and on the Suckler-Brae,
Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play ;
And to the *Hissel-shaw*, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
With Joy that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

Patie. My Dear, allow me frae thy Temples fair
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,
Which, as a Semple of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.

Peggy. Were ilka Hair that appertains to me
Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee :

My Sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what Love with Virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little Time,
To war'e't on Words, wad border on a Crime,
Love's safer Meaning better is exprest,
When it's with Kisses on the Heart imprest.

[*Here they embrace, and the Curtain's let down.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like one possess'd,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:
Bare-legg'd with Night-Cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes forward to the Set.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent Hour?
When Nature nods beneath the drowsy Pow'r,
Far to the North the scant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy—Legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*! O!

[*Symon gives him a Drink.*]

Symon. What ails thee, Gowk!—to make so loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed;
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

[*Enter Sir William.*]

Sir Will. How goes the Night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very tymously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest,
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some Witch, or wrestled with a Ghaist. }

Bauldy. O! ay—dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir

Sir Will. (*Smiling.*) I lang to hear't——

Bauldy. —— Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,
To gain a bonny thrawart Lassie's Heart:
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,
But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!
For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaist, or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Coarse in Sheet as white as Milk;
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death.
Upon me fast the Witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my Breeks, while I, like a great Fool,
Was labour'd as I wout to be at School.
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
Till with an elritch Laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haf dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your Help to gi'e the Deel his Due.
I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er-to dunt,
'Till in a fat Tar-Barrel *Mause* be brunt.

Sir Will. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get Leave to squeel,
And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt,
The Witch and Ghaist have made themselves good Sport.
What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
That is, throw want of Education, blind!

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic Thing,
As Witches raising Deels up throw a Ring,
Syne playing Tricks, a Thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell?

Sir Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
Amongst a few old Women, craz'd and poor,

Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
 At-times like *Bawty*, *Batrans*, or a *Sow*;
 Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
 While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomstaff's ride,
 Or in the Egg-shell skim out-o'er the Main,
 To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
 Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
 By tumbling down their Cup-boards, Chairs and Stools.
 Whate'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
 Such Whimfies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
 Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich;
 But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest Life.
 That gars me think this Hoble-shew that's past,
 Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

Sir *Will*. I'm sure it will—but see encreasing Light
 Commands the Imps of Darkneſs down to Night:
 Bid raise my Servants, and my Horſe prepare,
 Whiſt I walk out to take the Morning Air.

SANG XX. *Tune*, Bony gray-ey'd Morn.

*The bonny gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
 And Darkneſs flies before the riſing Ray,
 The hearty Hind ſtarts from his lazy Sleep,
 To follow healthſu' Labour of the Day,
 Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow;
 The Lark and the Linnet tend his Love,
 And he joins their Concert, driving the Plow,
 From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loſs
 Of Half an Eſtate, the Prey of a Main,
 The Drunkard and Gameſter tumble and toſs,
 Wiſhing for Calmneſs and Slumber in vain.
 Be my Portion, Health and Quietneſs of Mind,
 Plac'd at due Diſtance from Parties and State,
 Where neither Ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has Happineſs link'd to his Fate.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,
 With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair
 Glaud by his Morning Ingle takes a Beck;
 The rising Sun shines motty throw the Reek.
 A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,
 And now and then his Joke maun intervene.*

Glaud. **I** Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,
 Ye do not use so soon to see the Light;
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,
 To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
 But, do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
 That he poor Landwart Lasses will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
 He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends tho' poor:
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a Tug,
 And kifs'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug,

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But, be advis'd, his Company refrain:
 Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal Life:
 But now, grown gentle soon he will forsake
 Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peggy. A Rake, what's that?—Sure, if it means ought ill,
 He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

Glaud. Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
 Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare:
 A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame
 To do what like of us think Sin to name;
 Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap
 To brag how aften they have had the Clap;
 They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flush'd
 Syne mak ye a' their Jest when ye're debauch'd.
 Be warry then, I say, and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir *William's* vertuous, and of gentle Blood:
 And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony Gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner sawn; they're sae puffed up with Pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,

That

That shaws the Gait to Heaven,—I've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at Doomday, Sin and Hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Doomday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.—
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better Things:
But here comes Aunt, her Face some Ferly brings.

[*Enter Madge.*

Madge. Haft, haft ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House; the Knight sits Judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my Staff—*Madge*, lock the outer Door,
And bring the Lassies wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor *Meg*!—Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een!
This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,
To strut a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross;
To change his Kent cut frae the branchy Plain
For a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new-won Hay;
To leave the Green-swaired Dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherd stay,
And take what God will send in Hodden-Gray.

Peggy. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fath us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the Decree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Madge. A bony Story trowth!—But we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause :
For now it's tell'd him that the Taww
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brake Good-Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.*

Sir W. **A**ND was that all? Well, Archbald, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?
Besides your going about about to have betray'd,
By Perjury, an innocent young Maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my Faut thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe, Thus far, Sir, he obliged me on the Score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en Doilt to seek the Deel:
Yet with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu'——
And that my *Some-Place* finds;—but I had best
Haud in my Tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
And the young bony *Witch*, whase Rosie Cheek
Sent me without my Wit the Deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy and Jenny.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose Daughter's she
that wears th' *Aurora* Gown,

With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find?
The Girl brings all my Sister to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.
Is this your Daugther, *Glaud*?——

Glaud.——Sir, she's my Niece——
And yet she's not—but I should had my Peace.

Sir Will. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not! pray, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud.

58 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year——

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon: I'm all Impatience!—

Patie. ——So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my Master orders, I obey—
This *bony Fundling*, ae clear Morn of *May*,
Close by the Lee-side of my Door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant Weeds, of rich and gentle Make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa Towmands auld to be.
I took her in my Arms, the Bairnie smil'd
With sic a Look, wad made a Savage mild.
I hid the Story; she has pass'd since syne
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,
For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bony; I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;
Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair.
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange!—

Patie. ——The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth
appear.

Mause. That be my Task—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile—Thou hast no Cause to blush.
Lang have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
That I might safely to the Truth give way;
That I may now *Sir William Worth* name
The best and nearest Parent she can claim.
He saw't at first, and with quick Eyes did trace
His Sister's Beauties in her Doughter's Face.

Sir Will. Old Woman, do not rave—prove what you say;
'Tis dang'rous in Affairs like this to play.

Patie. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have

But

To tell a Lie, when she's fac^d near her Grave?
But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
I every Thing that looks like Reason want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we with we heard it out.

Sir W. Make haste, good Woman and resolve each Doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well, has fifteen Years so plew'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown Stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her Mother, that now holds my Hand?
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir W. Ha, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the Lab'rinth to lead out my Mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[*Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit down by him.*
Yes, surely thou'rt my Niece! Truth must prevail;
But no more Words, till *Mause* relate her Tale.

Patie. Good Nurse dispatch thy Story wing'd with Blisses
That I may give my Cusin fifty Kisses.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-Life,
Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.
The Story's lang; but I the Secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaricious View
Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a Confident confest.
I heard with Horror, and with Trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.
That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
At Midnight Hour the Floor I softly prest,
And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few Miles e'er Day.
All Day I hid me; — when the Day was done,
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.
Then fear of being fond out, I, to secure
My Charge, I laid her at this Shepherd's Door,
And took a neighb'ring Cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here, honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
Remember well how I that very Day

Frae

Frae Roger's Father took my little Crove.

Glaud, [*with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard*]

I well remember't: Lord reward your Love:

Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt — my Joys are full,
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.

Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:
She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair.

Equal with *Patrick*, now my greatest Aim
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well-match'd Flame.
My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William*]

Patie. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

Sir Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my Blessing;
may your Love

Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

Peggy. My Wilhes are compleat, — my Joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest Surprise;
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me so much gen'rous Kindness had?
Lang may *Sir William* bless these happy Plains,
Happy while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,
We'll on'y crave what you shall please to gie.
Th' Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir Will. The base unnat'ral Villain soon shall know,
'That Eyes above watch the Affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peggy. To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate
Seem light, when put in Balance with my *Pate*:
For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a Kindness, *best of Men*, to you.

Symon, What double Blythness wakens up this Day!
 I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
 Shall I unsaddle your Horse, and gar prepare
 A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
 See how much Joy unwrinkles ev'ry Brow;
 Our Looks hing on the Twa, and doat on you!
 Even *Bauldy*, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
 Fell *Madge's* Tawz, and pawky *Mause's* Plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old Man, remain with you this Day!
 I never from these Fields again will stray;
 Macons and Wrights shall soon my House repair,
 And busy Gard'ners shall new Planting rear:
 My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best News I heard this twenty Year!
 New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King, and save *Sir William* lang,
 To enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
 What Shepherds whistle winna like the Spring?

Bauldy. I'm Friend with *Mause*,---with very *Madge*
 I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid!
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*.

Madge. Lang may he live;--and, *Archbald*, learn to steek
 Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak,
 And never ca' her auld, that wants a Man,
 Else ye may yet some Witch's Fingers ban,
 This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
 And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
 Of our young Lady,--my dear bony Bairn!

Peggy. No other Name I'll ever for you learn.---
 And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
 For a' thy matchless Kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day
 Does fully all I can requite, repay.

Sir Will. To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to you,
 And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu,
 The Mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

82 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Mause, in my House, in Calmness, close your Days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's Praise.

Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your Honour's
Love,

Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings roove.

Patie. [*presenting Roger to Sir William*.]

Sir, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd
My Bosom Secrets, ere I was a Laird,
Glaud's Daughter *Janet* (*Jenny*, think nae Shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a Lovers Flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir Will. My Son's Demand is fair--*Glaud*, let me crave,
That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have,
With frank Consent; and while he does remain
Upon these Fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your Bounties, Sir, what can we say, }
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay? }
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey. }

Roger, my Daughter, with my Blessing, take,
And still our Master's Right your Bus'ness make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head
Shall nod with Quietness down amang the Dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Fraise:
But for my Master, Father and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir Will. My Friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his Station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever vertuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward, and Satisfaction to your Mind.

The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair, }
Some happy Turn with Joy dispels our Care. }
Now all's at Rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

Peggy, When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG

SANG XXI. *Tune, Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy ;
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy :
His Shape is handsome, middle Size,
He's comely in his Watking,
The Shining of his Een surprize ;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Barwk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spak
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O Corn-Riggs are bonny.

Let Lasses of a fil'y Mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chafly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my Cockernonny
He's free to touzel, air or late,
Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.

F I N I S.

A COMPLETE

Alphabetical GLOSSARY,

Or, EXPLANATION of the SCOTCH Words.

A, all Aboon, above. Ae, ever Ane, one Anes, once, Ablins, perhaps Awn, own, acknowledge Aster, stirring Anither, another A-will, of itself, of its own Accord A-thought, a little A-jee, of one side Auld, old An, if Air, early Aften, often Ain, own Aff, off Aith, Quarter or Corner of the World Aiths, Oaths Amaist, almost Awa, away Alane, alone; his lane, by himself; her lane, by herself Aneath, beneath Aftymes, oft times Albeit, albeit, altho' A-wie, a little	Bombaze, to confound or affright Blate, shamefaced Bustine, white Dimitty Bad, bid Bannocks, a sort of bread Be, by Braes, Hillocks Burn or Burnie, a rivulet Birks, Birch Trees Bratling, running down, or falling hastily Bide, to bear, abide, endure Barlicods, Freaks, Humours, Whims Brats, Clothes; also Rags Broe, Broth Bleeze, Flame, also Lustre Blezing, flaming, blazing Bigonets, Biggands Begunk, a Trick, or Stratagem Bairs, Bears Bedeem, instantly Bow or Boll, a Measure equal to a Sack Beuk, bak'd Bouk, Carcase Bauld, bold Bicker, Boxul or Cup Bobit, lac'd	Brock, a Badger Ban, to curse Breeks, Breeches Bourd, to dally, or tamper with Brankand, gay; also prancing. Bairnie, a little Child. C Cawler, fresh, cool. Craig, a Rock Craigy, rocky Chirm, chirp, or sing Crove, a little Hintch, or Lodge Corbies, Ravens Cleek, to catch, or hook up Clute, the Hoof Canty, merry Cou'dna, could not Caulrise, cold, chilly Cockernonny, the Hair bound up in a puff Cadgy, merry, gay Claiths, Clothes Cauld, cold Coofs, Boobies Canny, lucky, bappy Cost, bought Chiels, Fellows Cleck, hatch Ca', call Ca'd, or cawd, called Cottars, cottagers Curn, a little Quantity Cry, to call, or a call Cantripes, Magic Spells and Diabolical Arts Cry'd, call'd on Clim, climb Canna, cannot Crack, to chat Cast, the Mien or Gesture Call up, to throw into one's Teeth, to upraid Cawfs, Calves Clatteran, prating, chattering Cankar
B I E L D, a Place of Shelter from the Weather Bairns, Children Blyther, more joyful Blythsome, glad Blythness, Joy Bony, handsome, pleasant Bath, both Bught, Sheep-fold Byar, Cow-house Braw, brave, fine, gaudy Bein, rich, well furnish'd Brais, to press or bruise	Brint, burnt Blob, a Globe, or Drop Bot, without Beek, beeking, basking Bask, adorn, dress Bootless, in vain Belt, Girdle Blae berries, Blue berries Blaw, blow Bands, Hinges Bena, Cup, or Draught Beteetch us, preserve us! Bent, a field Baugh, simple, of a pitiful Look	Cauld, cold Coofs, Boobies Canny, lucky, bappy Cost, bought Chiels, Fellows Cleck, hatch Ca', call Ca'd, or cawd, called Cottars, cottagers Curn, a little Quantity Cry, to call, or a call Cantripes, Magic Spells and Diabolical Arts Cry'd, call'd on Clim, climb Canna, cannot Crack, to chat Cast, the Mien or Gesture Call up, to throw into one's Teeth, to upraid Cawfs, Calves Clatteran, prating, chattering Cankar

The GLOSSARY.

- C**ankart, *ill-natur'd, peevish*
 Carle, *old Man*
 Cawk, *Cbalk*
 Chitter, *to gnash with the Teeth, shivering*
 Crap, *crept*
D
DAFT, *mad, foolish*
 Dowie, *senseless, silly*
 Dool, *Sorrow*
 Dorty, *scornful, difficult*
 Dinna, *do not*
 Dike, *a Wall*
 Din, *Noise*
 Dic'd, *weav'd in Figures of Dice*
 Dauted, *fondled, made much of*
 Dubs, *dirty little Pools*
 Divet Seat, *Seat of green Turf*
 Darna, *dare not*
 Deid, *Death*
 Dern'd, *laid up secretly*
 Downa, *cannot bear, or endure*
 Dings, *excells, gets the better; also beats*
 Disna, *does not*
 Dow, *can, or is able to do*
 Draps, *drops, gives the Slip to Company*
 Dassin, *Folly*
 Drie, *suffer*
 Decreet, *Determination, or Judgment*
 Didna, *did not*
 Doof, *a Fool*
 Dunt, *to beat, or throb, when applied to the Heart*
 Dowp, *Arse*
 Doil'd, *bewitch'd, insatuated, dizzy, giddy*
 Dyvours, *Bankrupts*
E
ETTLE, *to attempt, or aim at*
 Een, *Eyes; also Even, or Night*
 Eastlin, *eastern*
 Eith, *eithly, easily*
 Eild, *old Age*
 Elf-shot, *Planet-struck*
 East, *eastward*
 Ellwand, *a Stick the Measure of an Ell*
 Even, *to impute to one, to compare, to liken*
 Ergh, *to dread, or be afraid of*
 Elie, *already*
 Ether-Cap, *Wasp*
 Elritch, *wild, or ghastly*
F
FR A E, *from*
 Fou, *full, also drunk*
 Ferlie, *a Wonder; also to wonder*
 Fouth, *Plenty, many*
 Flet, *scolded*
 Fair-fa', *well-fare*
 Fa' fall
 Fallow, *Fellow*
 Fald, *to fold*
 Feckless, *trifling*
 Feightan, *fighting*
 Fraise, *Talk, Speech*
 Fowl, *Folks*
 Flyte, *to scold*
 Fell, *cunning, or prudent, sometimes it is apply'd to Diabolical Arts*
 Fasneous, *troublesome*
 Feg, *Fig*
 Fac, *Foe*
 Flaes, *Fleas*
 Faufe, *false*
 Flaw, *to lie; also a Lie*
 Furlet, *a Corn or Meal-Measure, consisting of four Pecks*
 Fear'd, *afraid*
 Fleech, *flatter*
 Foregainst, *over against*
 Fundling, *Foundling*
 Foryet, *forget*
 Fand, *found*
 Flighter, *to flutter*
 Flype, *to flip the skin off*
 Farder, *farther*
 Fear, *fleg, to frighten*
 Fain, *fond, willing*
 Fawn, *fallen*
 Fawt, *Fault*
 Fath, *to trouble*
 Fleid, *affrighted*
G
GA E, *go; also gave*
 Gowans, *Daisies*
 Gowany, *full of Daisies*
 Grane, *to groan or sigh*
 Granes, *Groans or Sighs*
 Gar, *to make, or force*
 Gat, *got*
 Grein, *to long for, or thirst after*
 Gear, *Goods, Wealth*
 Gecks, *loaths*
 Gif, *gin, if*
 Glowre, *to stare*
 Glowring, *staring*
 Gawn, *going*
 Grip, *to hold fast*
 Grips, *the holding fast with the Hands*
 Gloom, *a frozen*
 Gang, *go*
 Ganging, *going*
 Gie, *give*
 Gabs, *Mouths*
 Grace Drink, *Grace Cup*
 Greet, *to cry*
 Gane, *gone*
 Gets, *Brats, Children*
 Giglit, *Gilfirt*
 Gate, *the Way; also the Manner of a Person*
 Gusty, *savoury*
 Glee, *Mirth*
 Glen, *a Vale*
 Gaits, *Goats*
 Gade, *went*
 Gauwky, *a foolish wench*
 Gree, *Degree*
 Grit, *great*
 Girning, *grinning*
 Grat, *cry'd*
 Gowd, *Gold*
 Ghaisht, *Ghost*
 Gowk, *Cuckoo; also fool*
 Gates

The GLOSSARY.

Gates, <i>Ways, Courses</i>	Hodden-gray, a coarse grey Cloth	whence the Water falls
H AME, <i>Home</i>	Hapt, cover'd up	Lave, the rest
Hameward, <i>home-ward</i>	Happing. <i>hoping, falling down</i>	Langsome, tiresome, tedious
Hartsome, <i>gladsome, pleasant</i>	I LKA, each, every	Laird, Landlord; in general for any Man of Estate
Hinder Night, <i>last night</i>	Jo, Sweetheart	Lyart, boary, grey
Hassiet, <i>Side of the face</i>	Ise, I shall, or will	Lucky, Gammer
Hinny, Honey	Ingle-side, fire-side	Laith, letb
Hound, <i>bunt</i>	Ither, other; also one another	Laverocks, Larks
Hawstock, <i>Wool next the Wind-pipe</i>	Ingans, Onions	Lilt, to sing briskly
Hald, had, bold	K ENS, knows	Liltit, merrily chanted
Height, <i>Top of the Hill</i>	Kend, knew, known	Luggies, Bowls
Howm, a Valley by a River	Kiltit, tuck'd up	Lear, to learn
Het, bot	Kames, Combs	Lair, Learning
Healthfu', <i>beathful</i>	Kittle, to tickle; it also signifies difficult, or dangerous	Loof, the Palm of the Hand
Haith, indeed, in faith	Kail-Yard, Kitchen-Garden	Leed, ly'd
Herds, Swains, Shepherds	Kirn'd, churn'd	Leen, to leave off, give over
Heh! bab!	Kenna, know not	Landwart, country, rural, clownish
Hess, lodges, inhabits	Ky, Cows	Labour'd, thresh'd
Halefome, wholesome	Kirn, churn	Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd
Heather-Braes, Hills on which Heath grows	Kent, a large stick, or Shepherd's Pole	M AUN, must
Hidlings, lurking Places	L	Mair, mere
Hadna, had not	UGS, Ears	Mony, many
He'ryestreen, the night before last	Leglens, Milking-Pails	Mint, to aim at, or make a Motion to do any thing
Haggies, a sort of Pudding	Loan, Milking-Place	Misluck, Misfortune
Haf, half	Lofs, to lose	Mak, make
Hewk, to dig	Lout, to stoop	Meg Derts, Mrs. Scornful
Humlock, Hemlock	Low, flame	Miscaw, to miscall, or call Names
Hawkys, Cows	Lowan, burning, flaming	Meikle, much
Howdy, a Midwife	Lang, long	Meiklest, largest
Hing, Hang	Loes, loves	Mais, most
Hether-bells, Heath-Buds	Lowp, to leap	Maiks, Mates, Wives
Hechts, Promises	Lowping, leaping	Midding, Dungbill
Hallon-Side, by a Holly-Tree	Leel, sincere, honest	Mailens, farms
Hae, have	Linkan, stepping briskly, or hastily	Manna, must not
Fia', Hall	Lee, fallow Land	Muck, Dung
Howt! fy!	Lap, leap'd	Mither, Mother
Hastien, partly	Leugh, laugh'd	Mear, Mare
Hool, the Scell	Lift, the Sky; also to remove	Mirk, dark, to darker
Hobleshew, a mobish Riot or Quarrel	Lin, a Precipice, or natural Cascade, from	Merle, Merlin
Haly, Holy		Mavis, Thrush

The GLOSSARY.

Manfworth, <i>perjur'd</i>	Peat-Ingle, <i>Turf-fire</i>	Sic, <i>such</i>
<i>forfworth</i>	Pouch, <i>Pocket</i>	Sell, <i>self</i>
Moule-mark, <i>any mark</i>	Pouchfu', <i>Pocket-full</i>	Shaw, <i>shew</i> ; <i>also</i>
<i>received by a mother's</i>	Pawkylie <i>filly, cunningly</i>	<i>Skrubwood</i>
<i>longing</i>	Pleugh, <i>a Plough</i>	Shawn, <i>shewn</i>
Mennin, <i>Minnow</i>	Pith, <i>Strength</i>	Stock, <i>a Reed or pipe</i>
Mae, <i>more</i>	Petted, <i>fondled, pamper'd</i>	Spring, <i>a Tune</i>
N	Pithleis, <i>faint, weak</i>	Spear, <i>to ask</i>
A, <i>no, not</i>	R	Saebiens, <i>since it is so</i>
Nae, <i>no</i>	R Owing, <i>rowan,</i>	Snooded, <i>filleted, ty'd up</i>
Nane, <i>none</i>	<i>rolling</i>	Skiffing, <i>skipping</i>
Nibour, <i>Neighbour</i>	Row'd, <i>roll'd or</i>	Saul, <i>Soul</i>
Nowt, <i>Oxen</i>	<i>wrapt</i>	Sair, <i>fore</i>
Needna, <i>need not</i>	Redd up, <i>to clean up, or</i>	Sets, <i>the stripes, or Rows</i>
Neist, <i>next</i>	<i>clear up; also to tell;</i>	<i>of Colours in Weaving</i>
Nocht, <i>nought</i>	<i>to be afraid; to part</i>	Siller, <i>Silver</i>
New mawn, <i>new mow'd</i>	<i>folks quarrelling</i>	Sprains, <i>Stripes, or</i>
No, <i>not</i>	Revel'd, <i>entangled</i>	<i>Rows</i>
New-cal, <i>young Calves</i>	Rin, <i>run</i>	Shave, <i>a Slice</i>
Nives, <i>double fists</i>	Routh, <i>plenty</i>	Singand, <i>singing</i>
Nor, <i>than</i>	Rife, <i>abundant, plentiful</i>	Strak, <i>struck</i>
O	Racket-Rent, <i>rack-rent</i>	Scart, <i>to scrape, also to</i>
N Y, <i>any</i>	Reesting, <i>drying</i>	<i>scratch</i>
O Out-o'er, <i>hanging</i>	Rant, <i>to make merry</i>	Skaith, <i>Loss, damage</i>
<i>over, also quite over</i>	Ranting, <i>rousing, jolly</i>	Scads, <i>scalds</i>
Our-lane, <i>alone, by our-</i>	Rash, <i>green, or young</i>	Sald, <i>fold</i>
<i>selves</i>	Rashy, <i>rusty, or grown</i>	Seething, <i>boiling</i>
Owrelay, <i>a Cawat</i>	<i>over with Rushes</i>	Stend, <i>to take long steps</i>
Owrelaid, <i>overlaid, o-</i>	Rashes, <i>Rushes</i>	Stent, <i>to tax; also to stint</i>
<i>verwhelm'd</i>	Roos'd, <i>prais'd</i>	Scor'd, <i>threatned</i>
O'er-put, <i>to overcome</i>	Rousted, <i>grown stiff,</i>	Sled, <i>Sledge</i>
Oure, <i>over, too much</i>	<i>or rusty</i>	Sung, <i>sing'd</i>
Orp, <i>to writhe one's self</i>	Rew, <i>to repent, relent</i>	Snuff! <i>pish! also to</i>
Or, <i>before</i>	Rowt, <i>to row, or make</i>	<i>take Snuff</i>
Owk, <i>Week</i>	<i>a great Noise</i>	Slaw, <i>slow</i>
O't, <i>of it</i>	Rondes, <i>a bard Name</i>	Shaw, <i>a little Wood</i>
Oxter, <i>Arm-pit</i>	Rock, <i>a Distaff</i>	Swat, <i>sweated</i>
Owfen, <i>Oxen</i>	Rever, <i>Rover or pyrate</i>	Slee, <i>sly</i>
P	Rucks, <i>Ricks</i>	Skelfs, <i>Skelves</i>
PAT, <i>ded put</i>	Reek, <i>Smoke</i>	Strapan, <i>strapping, luffy</i>
Paughty, <i>proud,</i>	Roove, <i>confirm, or rivet</i>	Spaining, <i>colaning</i>
<i>baughty</i>	S	Spae-men, <i>fortunetellers</i>
Propine, <i>a Present</i>	SALL, <i>shall</i>	Saws, <i>prognostications</i>
Peebles, <i>Pebbles</i>	Saugh, <i>Willow-trees</i>	Spae, <i>to tell fortunes</i>
Pensylie, <i>fantastically</i>	Sac, <i>so,</i>	Snood, <i>a fillet, or gar-</i>
Pest-Stack, <i>Stack of</i>	Spill, <i>spoil</i>	<i>land</i>
<i>dry'd turf for firing</i>	Slid, <i>smooth, slippery</i>	Sark, <i>Shirt</i>
Pow, <i>a Skull</i>	Syne, <i>since, then</i>	Sayna, <i>say not</i>
Prines, <i>Pins</i>	Smoor, <i>smother</i>	Starns, <i>Stars</i>
Poplan, <i>poppling</i>	Smoor'd, <i>smother'd</i>	Samen, <i>the same</i>
Poortith, <i>Poverty</i>	Sma, <i>small</i>	Skair, <i>a Share, to share</i>
Pou, <i>pull,</i>	Snaw, <i>Snow</i>	Steght,

The GLOSSARY.

Steght, <i>stuff'd</i> , or Thirle, <i>thrill</i>	Wimpling, <i>winding</i>
cramm'd	Wark, <i>Work</i>
Sornan, <i>mumping</i> , or Trone, <i>the Name of a</i>	Whirles, <i>Eddies</i>
begging	particular Market-
Scrimp, <i>ill-provided</i>	place
Scrimpit, <i>finted</i>	Thack, <i>Thatch</i>
ndle, <i>seldom</i>	Taids, <i>Toads</i>
Siccan, <i>such-like</i>	Than, <i>then</i>
Slaverin, <i>drivelling</i> or Thrang, <i>the Crowd</i> or	court
Jobbering	Throng
Snaw-balls, <i>Jokes</i>	Titty, <i>Sister</i>
Switli, <i>soon, swiftly</i>	Tals, <i>a Cup</i>
Shoon, <i>Shoes</i>	Thow, <i>to thaw, or melt</i>
Stang, <i>stung</i>	The, <i>thee</i>
Swaird, <i>the surface of</i>	Tryst, <i>Appointment, to</i>
the Grass	appoint
Stanes, <i>Stones</i>	Tocher, <i>Tocher-good</i> , <i>Wae, woe, also sorrowful</i>
Stapp, <i>stop</i>	one's portion, or fortune
Sawn, <i>sawn</i>	Teill, <i>to till</i>
Sincelyne, <i>ever since</i>	To, <i>too</i>
Sakeless, <i>forsaken, de-</i>	Tailzie, <i>a Broil, also</i>
stitute of friends	to quarrel
Staw, <i>stole</i>	Towin'd, <i>slapp'd bang'd</i>
Skelpit, <i>to be slap'd or</i>	U
whipt on the posteriors	Unlikly, <i>unpersonable</i>
Streck, <i>to shut</i>	Unseemly, <i>improbable</i>
T	Unko, <i>strangely</i>
TEnting, <i>tending</i>	wonderfully; also
Thrawart, <i>cross</i>	strange, <i>wonderful</i> ,
on evil	Unionsy, <i>unlucky; dia-</i>
Tod, <i>a fox</i>	bolical
Thole, <i>endure, suffer</i>	Unscrapit, <i>filthy, or</i>
Till, <i>to</i>	what wants scraping
Tald, <i>told</i>	V
Tint, <i>lost</i>	Virles, <i>Rings</i>
Thrievless, <i>trifling,</i>	Vissly, <i>to take a view</i>
needless	W
Trow, <i>to be sure of, to</i>	WArldly, <i>wordly</i>
know, to believe	Winfome, <i>engag-</i>
Tak, <i>to take</i>	Wather, <i>either</i>
Tane, <i>taken</i>	Wad, <i>ad</i>
Twa, <i>two</i>	Wha, <i>who</i>
Tent, <i>to take notice of,</i>	Wat, <i>not</i>
to watch, observe or	Whinging, <i>whining</i>
remark	Wist, <i>knew</i>
Tyke, <i>dog</i>	Waff, <i>lonely</i>
Trigg, <i>spruce, clean</i>	Wi', <i>with</i>
Tarrows, <i>loaths</i>	Wie, <i>little</i>
Tether-stake, <i>Halter-</i>	Wood, <i>mad</i>
stake	Wordy, <i>worthy</i>
Thae, <i>these</i>	Wimpling, <i>winding</i>
	Wark, <i>Work</i>
	Whirles, <i>Eddies</i>
	Whilk, <i>which</i>
	Wean, <i>Child</i>
	War, <i>worse</i>
	Wins, <i>gains</i>
	Woo, <i>Wood, also to</i>
	Will-fite, <i>wild-fire</i>
	Wale, <i>to chuse, the</i>
	choice
	Withershins, <i>to move</i>
	contrary ways
	Warlock, <i>Wizzard</i>
	Weil, <i>well</i>
	Wae, <i>woe, also sorrowful</i>
	Wife, <i>old woman</i>
	Wyte, <i>Blame</i>
	Wrang, <i>wrong</i>
	Westlin, <i>western</i>
	Whinns, <i>farze</i>
	Whase, <i>whose</i>
	Whist! <i>busb</i>
	Wimpled, <i>intricate</i>
	Waws, <i>walls</i>
	Warst, <i>worst</i>
	Wow! <i>strange</i>
	Winna, <i>will not</i>
	Wond, <i>wound up, or</i>
	wrapt round with any
	Ware, <i>to expend, lay out,</i>
	to sift, to pump out
	a secret
	Withoutten, <i>without</i>
	Watna what's, <i>No body</i>
	knows what
	Win, <i>to dwell</i>
	Wrights, <i>Joiners</i>
	Woodly, <i>madly</i>
	Y
	YDwl'd, <i>how'd</i>
	Yont, <i>beyond</i>
	Yelping, <i>us'd to</i>
	express the Noise made
	by the barking of a
	puppy, or the crying
	of a child
	Youdith, <i>Youth</i>
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The G L O S A R Y.

Steght, <i>stuff'd, or</i>	Thirle, <i>thrill</i>	Wimpling, <i>winding</i>
cramm'd	Tyne, <i>to lese</i>	Wark, <i>Work</i>
Sornan, <i>mumping, or</i>	Trone, <i>the Name of a</i>	Whirles, <i>Eddies</i>
begging	particular Market-	Whilk, <i>which</i>
Serimp, <i>ill provided</i>	place	Wean, <i>Child</i>
Serimpit, <i>finted</i>	Thack, <i>Thatch</i>	War, <i>worse</i>
ndle, <i>seldom</i>	Taids, <i>Toads</i>	Wins, <i>gains</i>
Siccan, <i>such-like</i>	Than, <i>then</i>	Woo, <i>Wood, also is</i>
Slaverin, <i>drivelling or</i>	Thrang, <i>the Crowd or</i>	court
jobbering	Throng	Will-fire, <i>will-fire</i>
Snaw-balls, <i>Jokes</i>	Titty, <i>Sister</i>	Wale, <i>to chuse, the</i>
Swith, <i>soon, swiftly</i>	Tais, <i>a Cup</i>	choice
Shoon, <i>Shoes</i>	Thow, <i>to thaw, or melt</i>	Withershins, <i>to move</i>
Stang, <i>stung</i>	The, <i>thee</i>	contrary ways
Swaird, <i>the surface of</i>	Tryst, <i>Appointment, to</i>	Warlock, <i>Wizzard</i>
the Grass	appoint	Weil, <i>well</i>
Stanes, <i>Stones</i>	Tocher, <i>Tocher-good,</i>	Wae, <i>woe, also sorrowful</i>
Stap, <i>stop</i>	one's portion, or fortune	Wife, <i>old woman</i>
Sawn, <i>sawn</i>	Teill, <i>to till</i>	Wyte, <i>Blame</i>
Sincelyne, <i>ever since</i>	To, <i>too</i>	Wrang, <i>wrong</i>
Sakeless, <i>forsaken, de-</i>	Tuilzie, <i>a Broil, also</i>	Westlin, <i>western</i>
stitute of friends	to quarrel	Whinns, <i>farze</i>
Staw, <i>stole</i>	Towin'd, <i>slapp'd bang'd</i>	Whase, <i>whose</i>
Skelpit, <i>to be slapt or</i>	U	Whisht! <i>hush</i>
whipt on the posteriors	Unlikly, <i>unpersonable</i>	Wimpled, <i>intricate</i>
Steek, <i>to shut</i>	Unseemly, <i>improbable</i>	Waws, <i>walls</i>
T	Unko, <i>strangely</i>	Warst, <i>worst</i>
Enting, <i>tending</i>	wonderfully; also	Wow! <i>strange</i>
Thrawait, <i>cross</i>	strange, <i>wonderful,</i>	Winna, <i>will not</i>
on evil	Unionly, <i>unlucky; dia-</i>	Wond, <i>wound up, or</i>
Tod, <i>a sex</i>	bolical	scrap round with any
Thole, <i>endure, suffer</i>	Unscrapit, <i>filthy, or</i>	thing
Till, <i>to</i>	what wants scraping	Ware, <i>to expend, lay out,</i>
Tald, <i>told</i>	V	to sift, to pump out
Tint, <i>lost</i>	Irles, <i>Rings</i>	a secret
Thrievelfs, <i>trifling,</i>	Villy, <i>to take a view</i>	Withoutten, <i>without</i>
needle's	W	Watna what's, <i>No body</i>
Trow, <i>to be sure of, to</i>	Wardly, <i>wordly</i>	knows what
know, to believe	Winsome, <i>engag-</i>	Win, <i>to dwell</i>
Tak, <i>to take</i>	ightful	Wrights, <i>Joiners</i>
Tane, <i>taken</i>	Wather, <i>ethers</i>	Woodly, <i>madly</i>
Twa, <i>two</i>	Wad, <i>old</i>	Y
Tent, <i>to take notice of,</i>	Wha, <i>who</i>	Owl'd, <i>how'd</i>
to watch, observe or	Wat, <i>what</i>	Yont, <i>beyond</i>
remark	Whinging, <i>whining</i>	Yelping, <i>us'd to</i>
Tyke, <i>dog</i>	Wist, <i>knew</i>	express the Noise made
Trigg, <i>spruce, clean</i>	Waff, <i>lonely</i>	by the barking of a
Tarrowe, <i>boats</i>	Wi, <i>with</i>	puppy, or the crying
Tether-stake, <i>halter-</i>	Wie, <i>little</i>	of a child
stake	Wood, <i>mad</i>	Youdith, <i>Youth</i>
Thae, <i>these</i>	Wordy, <i>worthy</i>	F I N I S.

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